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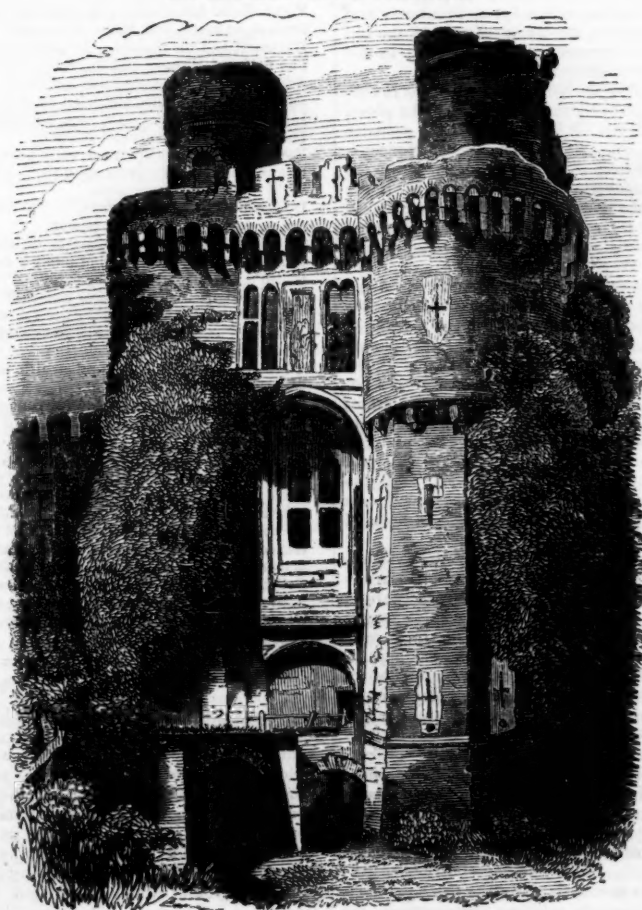
SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1842.

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HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.



HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE.

THE picturesque mass engraved upon the preceding page, stands in the village of Hurstmonceux, seven miles south-east from Battle, the site of the memorable conflict between William duke of Normandy and Harold king of England, in 1066, after William's landing at Pevensey, on the south-eastern Sussex coast. It is worthy of remark, that Battle, at this day, possesses an indirect celebrity in the vain glory of war; the trade of the town consisting chiefly in the manufacture of gunpowder.

Sussex is rich in Roman remains; and Hurstmonceux is about five miles distant from Pevensey, the station named Portus Anderida by our illustrious conquerors. A higher antiquity is, however, claimed for the site of Hurstmonceux; for, beneath a print of the castle, engraved in 1737, we find it described as near the Caer Pensavel Coit of the Britons, whence we infer Pevensey. The former place was called Hyrst by the Saxons, from its situation among woods; and Sussex having been, from the earliest times, one of the most luxuriantly wooded districts of England, we find the name of *hurst* given to other places in the county besides Hurstmonceux; as Billinghamurst, Buckhurst, Coolhurst, Crowhurst, Danehurst, Hurst Perpoint, Lamberhurst, Medhurst, Nuthurst, Ticehurst, and Wakehurst; and Hurst is the name of one of the old Sussex families. This etymology may, however, be too simple for some lovers of antiquarian puzzles.

Soon after the arrival of the Normans, the present Hurstmonceux became the seat of a family, who, from the place, took the name of De Hyrst, or Herst. From the posterity of Walleran de Herst, who assumed the name of Monceux, (which name, also, has from that time been annexed to the place,) it came by marriage to the Fiennes; and Sir Roger Fiennes, treasurer of the household to King Henry VI., in 1483 obtained licence from the sovereign to build here the castle, of which the remains are shown in the Engraving. The style is therefore Perpendicular, or Tudor; and it is, probably, one of our latest built castles, properly so called; for about this time, or earlier, embattled manor-houses became common, and the castle gave place to the castellated mansion; which was, in its turn, rendered better adapted to the wants and conveniences of more peaceful times. The licence to build the castle could hardly have been necessary at this period, for the original object of such a grant, ("*licentia battellare, kernellare, et machicolare*,") was to check the confederation of the lawless barons, by ordaining that it should not be lawful to erect any castle without a licence; this was in the reign of Henry II.; and the earliest licence which is known to have been granted, was that to Lord Chancellor Scrope, authorising him to build a castle at Bolton.

Hurstmonceux Castle was of brick, with window and door-cases, copings, and water-tables, of stone; and as bricks did not come into general use until the fifteenth century, this must have been one of the earliest large structures built with such material. Cowdray, towards the north-west corner of the same county, also of brick, was built in the reign of Henry VIII.; but this rather resembles an embattled mansion than a castle. This employment of bricks is singular, seeing that good stone is found in the county. Hurstmonceux Castle continued in the Fiennes family, till, with Margaret, grand-daughter of Thomas Lord Dacre, it passed to Sampson Lennard, Esq., whose descendant, Thomas Lennard, Earl of Sussex, lived much here; but a few years before his death he sold it, and, about 1777, all except the principal entrance, was taken down, and the best materials used in building a mansion in the neighbourhood.

The Cut shows the towers flanking the principal doorway, over which was formerly, within a compartment, the

alant, or wolf-dog sejant, holding the banner of Fiennes. The corbels of the parapet are tolerably perfect; but the machicolations have disappeared, except from the wall of the wing to the left. Judging from this fragment, the entire castle must have impressed the traveller with the magnificence of feudal state, in which "*safe bind*" seems to have been the leading maxim. The age of the castle is less than four centuries; but, from its substantial materials, (for brick is much more lasting than is commonly supposed,) it would have remained for ages a characteristic of the wealth of the early lords of Sussex, had it not been dismantled, and, as it were, converted into a structure far less worthy of the attention of the architectural inquirer, or the admirer of antiquities.

CANNING.

(From the John Bull.)

The following lines, written soon after Mr. Canning's death, by his dear friend, the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, have never before been published:—

While sister arts in rivalry combine
For Canning's honour—Sculpture and Design—
Verse claims her portion; a memorial line
Such as he loved, and fittest to rehearse
His merit and his praises. Truth in verse,
The pride of Honour and the love of Truth,
Adorn'd his age and dignified his youth,
Approv'd through life, and tried by every test,
In power, in favour, in disgrace, confessed
The first of his coevals and the best.
Ever the same; with wit correctly pure,
Reason miraculously premature;
Vivid imagination ever new,
Decision instantaneously true,
An eager and precipitated power
Of hasty thought, outstripping in an hour
What tardier wits with toil of many a day
Polish'd to less perfection by delay.
By nature gifted with a power and skill
To charm the heart and subjugate the will;
Born with an ancient name of little worth,
And disinherited before his birth;
A landless orphan—rank, and wealth, and pride
Were freely rang'd around him;—nor denied
His clear precedence, and the warrant given
Of nobler rank, stamp'd by the hand of Heav'n,
In every form of genius and of grace,
In loftiness of thought, figure, and face.
Such Canning was: and half a century past,
Such all the world beheld him to the last;
Admir'd of all, and by the best approv'd,
By those who best had known him best below'd;
His sovereign's support, the people's choice,
When Europe's balance trembled on the poise,
Call'd to command by their united voice;
Fate snatch'd him from th' applauding world; the first
Omen of Europe's danger, and the worst."

Malta, 1827.

J. H. F.

MOORISH COSTUME.

IN the late Mr. Frank Hall Standish's valuable collection, (unfortunately, for this country, splenetically bequeathed to the King of the French,) was the picture of a Christian Sibyl painted by Murillo, and dressed in the female Moorish garb of Granada. The painter lived at a time which was not so far distant from the Moorish dominion in Spain, that the traces of its fashions had altogether disappeared; and, depicted by him, they are as follow: the hair falls long and flowing over the shoulders; the head is bound with rose-coloured linen, from which descends a yellow scarf, almost reaching to the feet, and

serving, probably, to cover the neck and breast like a shawl, if required: a large emerald, in a gold lozenge, attaches the scarf over the forehead, and another unites a yellow handkerchief to a green boddice at the breast, which is terminated at the knees by a golden fringe; a broad rose-coloured girdle encircles the waist, and a purple velvet dress, turned up with a black fillet of the same material, falls to the middle of the legs, which are clothed in un-

tanned leather boots, with spurs. The arms are covered from the shoulders to the elbows with loose sleeves, the skirts of which fall in a point as low as the fingers. These are in broad stripes of blue and white linen or silk. Such was, probably, the dress of a Moorish female of condition, as confirmed by a Spanish writer, speaking of the costumes used at Granada at the above period. Q.

ROMANCE,

SUNG BY A YOUNG MOTHER ABOUT TO BE SEPARATED FROM HER INFANT.

Dors, cher petit, déjà l'étoile du matin
Disparaît, et l'aurore à l'horizon lointain
Roule ses vagues de lumière;
Du berger matinal déjà j'entends la voix;
Dors, ô cher petit, dors, pour la dernière fois,
Sur le sein brûlant de ta mère!
Mais non, réveille-toi, car au souffle du vent
S'enfile déjà la voile avide; ô mon enfant,
Que je t'allaité encore!
Hélas! c'est mon dernier, mon seul gage d'amour,
Avant que loin de toi la brise, sans retour,
M'emporte aux rives de l'aurore.
Adieu, mon cher petit! ton regard enfantin
Ne me sourira plus, et répondra demain
Aux caresses d'une étrangère:
Mais, si le Ciel un jour t'accorde le bonheur,
Tes yeux auront peut être une larme, et ton cœur
Un soupir pour ta pauvre mère! A. G.

SLEEP on, dear babe, the morning star
Is seen no more—and lo, from far
Comes glitt'ring dawn in glory drest;
The early shepherd's voice I hear,
Then rest thine head once more, my dear,
Upon thy mother's ardent breast!
Ah no! awake, for there I see
Yon full-sail'd vessel comes for me,—
Once more thy wonted thirst allay!
Take one more pledge of love from me,
Ere I'm for ever torn from thee,
Borne by the tempest far away.
Farewell, dear babe! thy lovely smile
Will ne'er henceforth my heart beguile,
Anon a stranger's thou shalt be.
But yet, should Heav'n permit thee, dear,
For me thine eyes shall shed a tear,
And thou shalt heave a sigh for me! T. S. H.

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. IX.—*The attack upon the Hotel St. Paul.*

THE alarm created by the entrance of Isabelle, and the troops of Burgundy, into the city, soon spread over every quarter. The sentinels on the ramparts catching the sound of the mighty uproar, and perceiving the red glare in the sky from the conflagration of Leclerc's house, the flames from which now rose above the surrounding buildings, illuminating all the adjacent spires and towers with a vivid glare, passed the word of danger from one to the other; and in a few minutes it had gone the round of the city—at least that part of it which was situated on the south bank of the Seine. Nor was the alarm confined to the localities immediately contiguous to the walls. The different movements which were going on in the crowded streets between the Porte St. Germain, and the Rue de la Harpe—the frequent passage of the couriers, as their horses clattered furiously along them, to points with which it was necessary to be in communication—the constant thronging of horsemen and persons bearing torches through the usually deserted thoroughfares, and all the growing bustle attendant upon the eve of so eventful a struggle, had awakened from slumber all the inhabitants of the quarters principally disturbed by the émeute. Rising from their beds, they left their houses and sought the streets, to gain some information as to the cause of the wild uproar. But no one had time, or cared to answer their questions; and, hurried on by the throng of archers, cavalry, and the excited multitude that accompanied them, they were irresistibly borne along towards the heart of the city.

But a short time elapsed ere the alarm became general. A few of the more resolute of Isabelle's troops, by the orders of Perinet, pressed on towards the Petit Pont, bearing down all who opposed their progress; and on reaching the abode of the armourer, distributed all the weapons they found in his workshop to the bourgeois and

rabble that followed them. A few of the Constable's guard, collected hurriedly together, offered some slight resistance at the foot of the bridge; but they were soon overcome, the excited revolvers hurling all those who were not immediately cut down over the low parapet of the bridge into the rapid Seine, wherein, by reason of their heavy and cumbersome armour, they were drowned. Passing into the open space before the cathedral of Notre Dame, they halted for a few minutes, to collect themselves into something like order; then, again pressing on over the Pont au Change, on the northern side of the Isle du Palais, they divided into two unequal parties. The lesser one proceeded to take possession of the Hôtel de Ville, dispatching a few men to sound the dreaded tocsin from the bell-tower of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; and the more powerful division immediately commenced an attack upon the Grand Châtelet, where they knew many favourable to their cause, and, from their station, likely to exert some influence over the citizens, were in confinement.

Ten minutes after the bell had rung its sounds of omen over Paris, the city was in a state of general insurrection. The windows of the majority of the buildings were lighted up in haste, such being the almost compulsory usage upon such occasions; and the tenants of the smaller houses following this example, the city was speedily illuminated in every part. In an hour from the period of the entrance of the Bourguignons, the most powerful barricades had been thrown up in the various streets, composed, in lieu of paving stones, of furniture, unceremoniously taken from the adjacent houses; whilst the populace, on gaining access to the châtelet, found the majority of the chains which had been used, up to 1382, to barricade the streets and the river; and fixing them to the gigantic hooks which still remained in the corner houses, thus effectually precluded the attacks of an opposing force.

The reader may possibly remember that we left Master Bourdichon enclosed in the observatory of Leclerc's house, at the time it was set fire to. As Perinet had opened the tower door, the honest bourgeois was not long in gaining the streets; and being recognised by the crowd, he was

immediately ordered to conduct a detachment of the queen's troops to the Hotel St. Paul, the palace which formed the residence of the Constable, and where it was known he had the hapless king in his charge. He was not long in obeying the command, partly because he saw the utter futility of offering any thing like opposition to their orders, but principally from his wish to look after the safety of his own home, which was situated close to the hotel; and where the struggle would in all probability be the fiercest, from the contiguity of the Bastille, which was garrisoned with the chief part of D'Armagnac's available forces. Being mounted upon a horse, with an archer on each side of him, as much for the sake of keeping him on his steed, as to prevent him from deserting the party, he set forth; and leading them to the Tournelle, they crossed the river in detachments, seizing all the boats they could find, and by this means arrived on the quay adjoining the hotel much sooner than they could have done by going through the city, and across the bridges, all of which were by this time barricaded and impassable. Collecting on the river's-bank in silence, the troops then rushed on to the Rue St. Antoine, and, as they now were perfectly acquainted with the localities, took less heed of their guide. Whereupon Master Bourdichon, perceiving that he was approaching his house, gave a loud cheer of encouragement, and crying out, "Down with Armagnac," quietly turned into his own *porte cochère*, which stood open, and slipped off from his horse. From the passage a small panel conducted into the shop, and of this he had contrived to preserve the key in the confusion. But he was somewhat surprised to find it yielded with extreme difficulty to his efforts, as if a powerful force was counteracting his endeavours on the other side. Bringing all his strength into play, he pushed it open, and was somewhat relieved in his ideas of plunder and invasion, to find the obstacle was no other than his wife; who, half dead with fear, from the tumult in the street, the alarm-bell, and the distant conflagrations, had placed a heavy chair against the panel, and seated herself in it, the more effectually to repel any intruders.

As Bourdichon entered, encased in armour, and begrimed with dirt and smoke, the first act of his better half was to fall down on her knees and implore mercy, taking him for one of the invading party. But the sound of his voice recalled her to her senses.

"Sainte Marie!" she exclaimed, "it is only my husband!"

"The same, wife; the same;" gasped the bourgeois, sinking down into the chair his wife had quitted: "Real flesh and bone, and naught beside."

"And what is all this dreadful uproar?" demanded his wife. "For the last half hour the fearful tumult has almost deprived me of my faculties."

Master Bourdichon inwardly wished that speech might have ranked amongst the deprivations. But, fearing to excite his wife's anger, when he had no one to defend him, he merely answered, "They are going to kill the constable."

As he spoke, a ray of light, more vivid than any which had yet been perceived, shot up amidst the roar of a thousand wild voices, and apparently close to Bourdichon's abode, rendering the apartment as light as noontide, and every object distinctly visible.

"Tis the Hotel St. Paul!" cried Dame Bourdichon. "They have set fire to it!"

"They could not find the constable," replied the bourgeois; "and so they mean to roast him alive in his hiding-place."

"The flames increase!" exclaimed his wife, "and may possibly catch our house! I have left the top windows

open, and the wind will carry the burning embers into the chamber."

"I will go and close them," returned her husband. "If they knock without in my absence, do not answer. Master Bourdichon! with the most innocent intentions, into what a wasp's nest have you thrust your unlucky head!"

As Bourdichon departed up-stairs, grumbling as he went, his wife hastily tried the various fastenings of the apartment. The shutter of the window remained insecure, and she approached to close it, when a violent blow upon the outside made her shrink back, terrified and powerless. The knocks were repeated; she heard the glass of the casement shivered to pieces, and immediately afterwards, the shutter was beaten forcibly into the room, and D'Armagnac appeared at the opening, pale and distracted; his dagger in his teeth, and staggering beneath the weight of a body which he was carrying. With some difficulty he passed through the low window, and entered the room.

"Silence, woman, on your life!" he exclaimed sternly, as Dame Bourdichon commenced crying loudly for aid.

"Holy mother!" cried the dame, recognising him, "it is the Constable!"

For an instant D'Armagnac replied not; but placing his burthen, enveloped in a long grey mantle, in a chair, closed the window, as well as its shattered state would allow, and hastily replaced the shutter. Then, turning to the dame he said:

"You are right—I am D'Armagnac, the constable of France, and I place myself under your protection! Holy powers!" he continued energetically, "to be thus surprised in the middle of the night, without arms or defence. But I will yet escape the felons who have betrayed me; they will not think to search me here. Woman! you will not betray me?"

"My lord!" cried the dame, overcome to find herself in such august presence, "I swear to keep your secret. But you are not alone;" and she pointed to the form he had brought with him.

"It is an old man," replied the Constable; "an old servant, whose room was on fire as I left the hotel: he would have been burnt had I not brought him here."

"Look you, how he trembles!" exclaimed Dame Bourdichon.

The unhappy king, for it was indeed Charles whom D'Armagnac had brought with him, feebly put aside a portion of the mantle that covered his face; and, looking with a vacant expression at the constable, muttered:

"I am cold—very, very cold."

"Quick! quick! mother!" cried D'Armagnac; rekindle the fire; the hand of this old man is cold as ice."

"I will go and seek some wood, my lord," she replied, as she left the apartment. For the last few minutes the tumult in the street had been less violent, or probably the dame would have lacked courage to go alone.

"Still, those cries," thought D'Armagnac, as he heard the distant shouts, Burgundy! Burgundy! in the heart of Paris! "Who could have given up the keys? Fool that I was, to allow myself to be surprised like a child—to know that whilst I was sleeping, treason kept its untiring watch. All is not yet lost: the king, whom my enemies are now seeking in all directions, is there—there, in my power! Oh, that he could but understand me! But he remains insensible to all around him; he is even unconscious of my presence."

He approached the King, and, seizing his emaciated arm, endeavoured to rouse him from his apathy.

"Sire!" he exclaimed, with vehemence, "I—your Constable—have saved your life! The Bourguignons

have entered the city, and I have concealed you here, until a party of my own guards can convey you to the Bastille, which is impregnable. Sire! do you hear me?"

The hapless monarch threw an unmeaning glance at the constable, and muttering, "I am very cold," again relapsed into silence.

"Still senseless," remarked the Constable; "and yet in this poor witless creature is comprised all my power. Fortunately, the woman has not recognised him."

As Dame Bourdichon re-appeared, carrying some wood, with which she speedily raised a fire from the embers, the King left his seat, and crouched down on a settle under the spacious chimney, still wrapping his mantle closely round him. Whilst he was thus occupied, some fresh cries resounded from the street.

"At last, they are here," cried D'Armagnac, as he heard his name pronounced amidst the tumult. "Open that door, woman—they are my friends who come this way."

Being assured there was no great danger to be dreaded, Dame Bourdichon opened the door, and directly afterwards, upon a signal from D'Armagnac, a party of his guards entered, headed by Dupuy, who started with surprise upon seeing the Constable.

"We have no time for explanation, Dupuy," cried D'Armagnac hastily. "Give me a sword; and tell me—where is the dauphin Charles?"

"Duchâtel has saved him, sire," replied Dupuy, "he is in safety at the Bastille." Then, lowering his voice he added, "and the King, what has become of him?"

"He is also preserved," replied D'Armagnac in the same tone, directing his eyes towards the chimney place, where the monarch still remained cowering over the fire. "Silence—all may yet be well."

"It is necessary that the soldiers should see you, my lord," continued Dupuy. "They begin to mistrust your absence."

"Do they defend the posts with success?" asked D'Armagnac.

"Those at the Châtelet are all slaughtered, sire; and the prison doors thrown open; but the Genoese archers, at the Louvre, have repulsed every attack."

"I will go and join them, Dupuy—I leave the King in your hands; conduct him to the Bastille, where he will be secure. You will find me at the Louvre, if I can reach it. A few of your archers will accompany me thither, with a guide who can lead us away from the Bourguignian sentinels."

"Ho! Master Bourdichon!" cried the Dame, as she heard the last part of the Constable's speech, to her husband, who from fear had remained upon the stairs for the last half hour. "The Constable requires a guide, and you must serve him."

"Thou here!" exclaimed D'Armagnac, as Bourdichon crept forward. "Where are the keys of the Porte St. Germain which I entrusted to you?"

The bourgeois was unable to reply, but his wife came to his assistance. "My lord," she exclaimed, "they burnt the gate and were going to put him on the top of the fire, when he managed to escape. He will serve as a good guide, for he knows all the Bourguignian positions."

"Archers," cried the Constable, "place that man amongst you, and if he betrays us cut his throat. Dupuy—you have received my orders. The King must be preserved, or he must die. Forwards."

Bourdichon opened the small door, and the constable with his guard passed through. A few archers remained with Dupuy, and these, with the King and Dame Bourdichon, were now left occupiers of the apartment.

As soon as they were gone, Dupuy advanced towards the King, and whispered to him, unheard by the rest,

"Will monseigneur accompany us to the Bastille?"

"You need not trouble yourself to disturb that old man," said Dame Bourdichon. "He is warm there, and does not need to be moved."

"Silence, woman," replied Dupuy, offering his arm to the King. The monarch stared at him with the same vacant gaze, and was about to take it, when a loud tumult arose in the street, amidst which the watchword "Bourgeois" was plainly audible.

"The Bourguignons!" cried Dupuy, running to the window. "The Constable has not been perceived by them; but they have closed the way to the Bastille."

"They have perceived us," cried an archer, "and are coming this way."

"Then is there but one chance left," thought Dupuy.

"They will recognise the King, and bear him off. Archers," he continued, aloud, "we must attack them. D'Armagnac and victory!"

Thus speaking, he rushed out, followed by his guards; and the next instant a fearful struggle in the street proved that they had come in collision with their enemies. The noise and cries increased, but, in the middle of all this tumult, the poor King remained motionless upon the settle, covering his face with his hands, and rocking backwards and forwards in indolent apathy. The strife went on, and so near the dwelling, that the partizans and lances of the soldiers continually beat against the window; and when the uproar appeared at its highest, the alarm of Dame Bourdichon was raised to the extreme of terror, by another violent knocking at the door.

"Holy Mother!" cried the Dame, scarcely able to speak for fear. "Who is there?"

"Open quickly," cried a voice. "We are friends—it is I—Perinet Leclerc."

ALBERT.

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NO. III.—A LEGEND OF THE GLEN.—CHAP. I.

"The wind is up; hark! how it howls! Methinks, Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary."—BLAIR.

It was a dark and stormy night in November, 17—; the wind was howling most dismally among the bare branches of the trees, singing, as it were, a requiem over the departed glories of their fallen leaves. It went and came in fitful gusts, blowing at one moment with the fierceness of a hurricane; and at another subsiding into a gentle murmur, that sighed over hill and dale with a plaintive sort of music. It was a night of intense darkness, and as the upturned eye of the weary traveller gazed wistfully upon the darkened sky, there was no ray of light to guide him on his way—no, not even the flickering of the pale stars. There was no pleasure in being abroad in such an evening—at least, so thought the inmates of that tavern of good cheer—the pride and glory of our village, the Cross Keys. A cheerful fire was blazing right merrily on the kitchen hearth, shedding its beams of light over dusky rafters and joists, and revealing more clearly than would the blaze of noon-day, the innumerable nooks and corners of that ancient apartment. Snuggly ensconced in his huge arm-chair, his short dumpy legs stretched out to their full length before the fire, reclined old Tom Moss, the landlord, enjoying all the comforts of a pipe of tobacco; while ever and anon, as he puffed the wreaths of smoke away, would he raise a bowl of steaming punch to his lips, and partake of its contents with exceeding relish. And there too was his own sonsie, bustling goodwife, the labours of the day ended, sitting by the fireside, nodding and nearly

asleep; for strange as it may appear, there was neither traveller, stranger, nor gossip within doors, to require her attention that night. And there the worthy couple sat, enjoying themselves, each in their own way, waiting the arrival of their only son from the neighbouring village, whither he had gone on business.

"Hech! but it's a sair nicht this," said the goodwife, starting from a dosing slumber, as a gust of wind of more than ordinary violence shook and rattled the windows: "Preserve us! it's weel on to the twalsh hour, an' Sandy's no hame yet—an' in sic a nicht o' storm an' darkness as this is!"

The wind blew and howled around the old house with redoubled fury, and as it came whistling along the dreary passages, it made the good woman actually shudder, to think of the dangers and discomforts to which her son would be exposed.

"What in the world can keep him sae late? It's a guid twa hours later than he stops for ordinar'!"—and the anxious mother was beginning to be exceedingly restive on the subject; but suddenly a thought occurred: "I'se tell ye what it is, guidman," said she, with the air of one who felt she had at last discovered a gleaming of truth; "this very day, Leezzy Lawson tell't me, that the lasses Cumock were to hae a grand dance at a freend's house o' theirs in Glenhaw—an' I'se warrant ye, Sandy has fand means o' gettin' amang them, an' is waiting noo to bring them hame. It does not tak very guid een sicht to see that he's for ever trailling after that cutty Jane—but I'll let him hear anither o't. Will naething serve the stupid fule, but to be stravaigin' the kintra side wi' a parcel o' silly tawpies? Stop till I get him hame here, an' if I dinna gie him twa words o' flightin', my name's no' what it is—that's a'."

"Whisht, whisht, Tibbie, dinna be owre sair on the callant," rejoined her good-natured jovial husband: "I mind weel the day when you liked naething better than to hae a dance, an' some galivanting wi' the young chaps yersel. Auld days would tell queer tales, Tibbie; sae dinna fash yer thoom wi' Saunders, but let him hae his heart's content o' fun an' frolic whan he can enjoy it."

"O ay, I daursay! an' you would never heed, though your son was to dance himsel into a marriage—not ye?"

"Sma' faut to the laddie if he did," said he; "his faither did the same twa years before he was his age—an' ye ken if he was wrang."

His discreet partner waived all consideration of right and wrong in the instance alluded to, but quickly replied:

"An' ye really would hae Sandy married to that silly glaiket lassie, Jean Cumock, wha, because her faither has scraped some bawbees thegither, maun dae naething but flaunt about, as braw as ony ledy, an' toss her head as high as the proudest o' the gentry?"

"Deed, guidwife, I only wish he may be as lucky," was the brief response.

"Sae lucky atweel!" and Tibbie wrought her features into a stern expression of disdain—"but, preserve us! what's that?" she asked, her features suddenly becoming pale with fear and alarm.

Tom started up in amazement, sadly puzzled to understand the meaning of his wife's alarm, and scratch his bald pow as he might, it did not help his perplexity one jot; so he had nothing for it but to bestow an inquiring stare upon his better half, as to the cause of her exclamation, and wait patiently till time revealed the mystery. Nor long did he wait, until the cause was made more plain; for, amidst the noise of the storm without, could be heard the rattling of wheels and the galloping of horses, mingled with the hooting and hallooing of human voices.

"Halloa there—open!" was the exclamation of a sten-

torian voice, followed up by a vigorous and quickly-repeated thundering on the door.

"A civil sort of salute," quoth Tom, hastening to admit the noisy travellers: "haud quate a wee—De'il's in the folk, d'ye think we're deaf?" he roared at the full pitch of his voice, as a renewed volley of thundering knocks roused his choler and drowned his remonstrance. "Faith! I'll mak ye wait a wee for this, whae'er ye be;" and he halted within a few paces of the door for an instant—it was only for an instant—for the incessant and well-plied knocks soon made him lose all patience, and surrender at discretion.

"So, you've opened at last, have you?" said a tall, stout-looking gentleman, arrayed in a fashionable suit, and who, together with his man-servant, had been so lustily beating the door; "a pretty night, certainly, to keep travellers waiting attendance at your door. Prepare instantly your best apartment—there's a lady in the chaise."

Tom was about making a rather sharp reply; but before he had time to do so, the gentleman handed the lady from out the chaise, and all three stood in the doorway.

"Put lights in the front parlour, Tibbie, and look smart," cried Tom, ushering his guests into the house. "Will ye step in here for an instant, till the lights are ready?" and he led the way to the brightly-lit kitchen.

The lady, who had a cloak closely muffled around her, was gladly complying with the landlord's request, when she was stopped midway by the harsh voice of her companion calling out in severe tones, "No, not even for an instant."

Well, you may be sure, there was little time lost by Tibbie, in having all things made right and snug in the front parlour, not forgetting "a cheerfu' spark o' fire," at which the strangers might warm and make themselves right comfortable; and you may be also well assured she did not neglect to take sundry "sly peeps" at her guests, and make her own "observes" likewise; for Tibbie, it must be confessed, had her due share of woman's curiosity; and she, on her own showing, was exceedingly smart in discovering secrets of all sorts, and invariably detected them, even in cases when others would never dream there were such things at all. Scarcely had she resumed her snug seat by the kitchen fire, when she launched forth her surmises and curious remarks anent the strangers; but in the midst thereof, she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the serving-man and the postillion, and so of course she had to delay her gossip on that subject till a more fitting occasion.

Meanwhile, let us take a brief glance at the objects of her curiosity, and listen to a few words of their conversation. The gentleman, who has already been described as of a tall, stout, and manly form, paced up and down the room with a gloomy countenance and agitated manner, occasionally bestowing on his fair companion looks of anything but pleasure. Although from his manliness of form and mode of dress, he might pass in the gay world as "a genteel, nice-looking man," yet there was an indescribable something in his features, that showed the true feelings of his mind were seldom allowed to reflect their workings there. At the present time, however, he did not deem it necessary to maintain his usual assumed pleasantry of manner; for it required but one glance to see, that the stern and gloomy expression of his features truly indicated the workings of a mind filled with hatred and revenge. It was a relief of the most pleasing kind to turn from a survey of the gentleman's features, to have a glance at those of his fair companion. On entering the room, she had sunk down on a chair, and throwing aside the cloak which was so closely muffled around her, she displayed a face of exquisite beauty and a form of great symmetry. There

was a loveliness of expression in her beautiful features, that at once charmed and entranced the beholders; and which, joined to the sparkling sweetness of her blue eyes, and the sunny brightness of her hair, that fell down her shoulders with a most becoming witchery, might well make her appear as less the creature of reality than the creation of a poet's fancy. But there she sat, ever and anon looking with a sort of timidity at the motions of her gloomy companion—seemingly afraid to attract his notice by the slightest movement on her part. At length, with a slight faltering in her voice, she ventured to say:—

"Charles, my dear Charles, you are strangely altered; tell me how in any way I have given cause of offence? It is not three days since I left my home at your request, and that too in the silence of midnight, to cast myself into your arms, and then you gladly received me. Why, now that I have become your wife, have you so suddenly altered your whole bearing towards me?"

"You will learn soon enough," was the haughty reply of her husband, as he continued pacing up and down. A tear glistened in the eye of the lovely wife, as she heard this gruff reply, and felt its bitter poignancy—it was so different from what she expected.

"Where do you intend going?" she timidly inquired, conquering by a strong effort her anguish for a moment. "Ever since our marriage have we been travelling the least frequented roads, seeming to shun every town of considerable size, still travelling on I know not where, and yet you conceal your reason for so doing. Tell me, dear Charles, I pray you, the purpose you have in view, in not returning to D—, as you promised, to ask my father's forgiveness?"

At this appeal, her husband stood still before her, bestowing a look of such mingled fierceness and hatred on her, as made her tremble in dread of his reply.

"You will, perhaps, learn all too soon," he said, with peculiar emphasis; "but know this now, that though I won you for my bride with honied words of love, even as I breathed these words, I hated you with a stronger hatred than even words can tell. My passion was of another sort—a nobler sort than love—and even now I have it—revenge!"

The bitterness of expression with which these words were uttered, plainly showed they were meant to wound as deeply as words might wound; and to add if possible to their cruelty, he bestowed a look of such hatred and scorn upon her as made her shrink from his gaze, as she would from that of some savage monster.

"Think you," he continued, still gazing stedfastly on her, "think you that I could bend to seek your father's forgiveness—his forgiveness! when my whole aim has been but how to pain him most? Little did you think, when I strove to get you in my power, that I was your father's most deadly enemy, his sworn inveterate foe, and that I only sought your love as a means of gratifying my own revenge, and plunging the arrow of resentment with a greater force into his bosom."

As he made this cruel and callous announcement, his wife's heaving bosom and quivering lip showed how deeply she felt its bitterness. She sat for a brief space weeping in silence, but suddenly becoming fired with a glow of resentment at his unnatural conduct, she started from her seat, and exclaimed with a wild sort of energy:—

"And canst thou, darest thou glory in such a scheme of deep malignity? For myself I care not; but that thou shouldst have laid such a plot, to wound through me the feelings of one who I am certain never unjustly treated you, speaks the baseness of your heart—the utter worthlessness of your soul."

To see that fair and fragile being, whose looks pro-

claimed her the soul of gentleness, thus roused into ire by the cruel dastardly taunts of him who should have been her best protector, and giving vent to her feelings of abhorrence with so much energy, her face suffused with a glow of indignant feeling, and her bright eyes sparkling with animation, was a sight of touching interest. Even her husband, despite the cold sarcastic look he assumed, felt surprised. No sooner had she given vent to this burst of indignation, than he thought that she was now the wedded wife of him who was the cause of all her misery, produced a revulsion of feeling in her bosom; and she sank on her seat, overwhelmed with anguish.

"Alas, poor girl!" said he, with a sneering smile, and a hypocritical modulation of voice, "hadst thou been other than the daughter of my greatest enemy, I might perchance have pitied thee. How pretty thou lookest when in a slight passion! I could not have conceived—really I could not—that you would have looked half so beautiful!"

She was in no mood to reply to his bitter taunts; her ire had passed away with her first burst of indignation, and now her only task was to weep.

"What! no more theatrical exclamations?" continued he, in a tone of mock surprise. "Dear me, how romantic you look! I declare these tears become you exceedingly. What! and do you grow pale too? Why then the heat of the room must be oppressive—and now that I think of it, we had much better continue our journey—the air no doubt will revive you."

He stepped across the room, and rang the bell with considerable violence.

"Your lady desires to proceed on her journey," said he, as his servant appeared in obedience to the summons of the bell, "and therefore you must make all haste in having the chaise ready; and remember," continued he, lowering his voice to a whisper, so that his wife might not hear his secret instructions, "remember you take the road we came here by—the one leading through the glen, just below the village—and—"

The incomplete sentence was perfectly understood by him to whom it was addressed, who in return immediately gave a nod of assent, accompanied by a smile of peculiar meaning, and disappeared.

In a very short time, he returned to say the chaise was ready waiting; on hearing which announcement his master turned to the lady, and bowing with mock humility, offered his arm.

"Permit me, madam, to see you to the carriage."

"I'll follow," was the brief reply from his sobbing wife, as she drew her cloak around her. What a moment of dread and anguish was that to her! She would have given all she possessed to have been once more beneath a father's protection and mistress of her own actions; but to add to the anguish which her husband's cruel language had created in her bosom, dark forebodings began to arise in her mind, and the mocking tone of civility in which his last words were uttered, seemed to sound in her ears like those of an executioner calling on his trembling victim. It was thoughts such as these that made her shudder and tremble with dread, as she followed her husband from the inn. The night was still dark and stormy, and she stood in the doorway hesitatingly and afraid; and as her husband assisted her into the carriage, she bestowed on him a look of such entreaty and alarm, as made old Tom, (who of course was standing near by, to see his guests safely away,) seize the opportunity of saying, while the gentleman was talking to his servant, "I'll would it become me to say anything, but as ye seem vera distressed, jist say the word, an' I'll dae my endeavour to help ye."

"Take that for thy pains, presumptuous meddling fool," said the husband, laying him prostrate on the earth by one

blow. In a moment, the stranger was in the carriage, and long before Tom had recovered his senses, or indeed was raised from the ground, the vehicle was rattling along at a furious pace, and had left the village far behind.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

"OUR LIBRARY TABLE."

THE poet-traveller, Lamartine, when standing beside the last home of a Greek hero, exclaimed, "What's Agamemnon to me?" In like manner, throwing down the dozen newspaper columns—enough to satisfy even "Até, Mother of Debate," we say, "What's Sir Robert Peel and his Income Tax to us?" They may have produced a sort of lull in the literary as well as the commercial world; but a re-action is already perceptible, and authors and publishers are rushing *inter medias res*, to get out their books for the season, lest they be left till summer, when, as poor Goldy said—a new book is like "pork in the dog-days."

The head-line to this paper may remind the reader of a piece of harmless conceit in a Magazine, of which we may have already *spoken out* somewhat too plainly to please those who are greedy of all sorts of praise; no matter how polluted the source whence it flows, all being fish that comes into their "critical" net. The fantastic trick to which we allude, is the wood-cut of the Editor's Library Table, in *Ainsworth's Magazine*,* which may be all very well in its way, though it would be a dangerous display to the assessors of the Income Tax; and judging from Mr. Ainsworth's productions, we did not give him credit for possessing so many square yards of book-knowledge. However, a large library is an intellectual luxury, which it would be better for the public if every author possessed. Only think of poor Goldy's library, when his relative from the country called upon him, with the expectation of seeing a fine collection of books, and found—what!—an odd volume of Buffon's Natural History! Then, poor Colton used to boast that he wrote his *Lacon* upon a little three-legged deal table; and we have seen "a poor devil of an author" writing upon an *empty* clothes-trunk, in a back attic in one of the intellectual courts of Fleet Street. Jack Sheppard too had his library table—the carpenter's bench—and our pungent contemporary *Punch* has figured his library table, Judy and all, as a pleasanter upon that in the Harrow Road—doubtless thinking "if Oxford have its sausage, why not Cambridge have its *tart*?"—and now come we to "Our Library Table."

A topographic furor appears to be raging among the London publishers; the success of Mr. and Mrs. Hall's *Ireland* having probably given the cue for this line of publication. We noticed Mr. Cyrus Redding's *England* at its outset; how he proceeds in his Expeditions through Cornwall and Lancashire we have not time to examine; but he is, doubtless, as busy in counting the pilchards in one district as the factory spindles in the other. By-and-by we may take a peep at the counties complete; though we confess that we were somewhat startled at the zigzag "*cornice*" of an Anglo-Norman arch in Cornwall, No. 1. Such another *mésalliance* would call up John Carter from his resting-place, throw the Council-room at Somerset

* The portion of the *Miser's Daughter*, in this number, is too lengthy; and why introduce "the Folly" on the Thames, from a print by no means rare, but engraved in the *Mirror*, many years since? The sub-editorial articles border on common-place, and the space occupied by criticism might be much more advantageously filled—with all Mr. Ainsworth's "embarrassment of wealth," as he, for the first time, translates a well-known French phrase, for the benefit of his English readers.

House, on a Thursday night, into perturbation, and lead to "a call" of the Society of Antiquaries.

Dr. Beattie's coxcombical *Castles and Abbeys* has never tempted us through the second number, wherein we recognised some dull common-place information about Eltham Palace and St. Alban's Abbey. The wood-cuts in this work are pretty bits of the picturesque, and we wish they were in better company than the prose they illustrate. The third novelty of this class is a work to be entitled *The Environs of London*, from the metropolitan establishment of Messrs. Blackwood. Judging from the specimen of this work, it will be written in a very light, jaunty, readable style, and we opine, by the author of "The World in London," in *Blackwood's Magazine*. There is an inviting freshness in the opening pages, and a poetic vivacity of manner, that is likely to render the work acceptable to dipping readers, at the same time that historical and topographical facts will not cramp the author's "springy" style. The cuts are really picturesque: that of Chelsea, from the River, is most effectively broken with light and shade, and is very artistical. The name of the author is John Fisher Murray, and the first number is to comprise an Excursion to Richmond by the *Thames*, to our minds a bolder hazard than a passage across the Atlantic. The failure of Mr. Mackay's never-enough-to-be-quoted *Thames and its Tributaries*—fine paper, cuts, and all,—leads us to anticipate no startling success for this new enterprise. Time was, when, as John Reeve sung—

"We all went to Richmond by water;"

but steam by land and water has caused the Thames, from Chelsea upwards, to become almost a "silent highway." Talking of Richmond, the proprietors of the Castle Tavern announce in the *Quarterly Review*, suites of rooms for summer-parties,—a good idea, for this house is the most aristocratic establishment in Richmond; less civic than the Star and Garter, with its casino-like appointments, its excellent *cartes de cuisine et des vins*, and its delightful associations of wedding parties, bachelors' dinners, family re-unions, and hob-nobbing over the choicest bins of Ellis's cellars, and the classic prospect of the vale of the Thames from one of the tavern-windows—all fog and water, as Lord Byron provokingly called this Tempé of the Londoners.

As we are at Richmond, let us say a word or two on Walpole's pet pasteboard Strawberry Hill, which appears to have lost some of its attraction by the recent atrocity at Roehampton; if it be true that persons in carriages visited this blood-stained spot. For the character of those whom wealth should have refined, we hope this statement is false; though such curiosity may be one of the anomalous features of the English *débris*.

Almost every journal has its small-talk about Strawberry Hill, some of which has, doubtless, made the "dealers" of Wardour Street smile at your *virtuosi* on paper. *The Times*, in the hard, dry way of its City article, has contained several notices of Walpole's folly, and "the heaps of odds and ends, the trumpery, toys, and tatters of antiquated affectation—the sweepings of a broker's stall," with which Strawberry abounds. But some allowance ought surely to be made for the facility of collection in our day, compared with that in Walpole's time. Besides, no man ever made a large assemblage, without having some rubbish—as foil, or rather, experience. Well do we remember the sincere regret of a dealer in curiosities, at the death of Sir Walter Stirling, which was indeed a loss; seeing that Sir Walter, good easy man, purchased such articles as few persons with better judgment would look at; and the sale of the collection in Pall Mall proved the sincerity of the broker's gratitude. Walpole's effects will, of course, have a better fate; though, were the "view" to

last a few weeks longer, their reputation might be nibbled away, until Wolsey's hat became a piece of stage costume, Cellini's master-piece a conjuror's bell, and Anne Boleyn's clock a "take off;"—but no more on that head. Some pleasant gossip on Strawberry Hill and its contents has appeared in the *Athenæum*; though, like every thing Lady Morgan has written since her work on the sunny south, it is too resplendent of Italy. A second paper in the above journal, chiefly upon the pictures, is full of discrimination and love of art, and is a superior critical performance. A second article upon Strawberry has also appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine*: it is by Mr. Costello, and evinces more feeling and knowledge of the subject than the first contribution; the additional cuts are also acceptable,—but, what with the two numbers of the Magazine being advertised as a guide to Strawberry Hill, the auctioneer's catalogue, and a reprint of Walpole's own catalogue, "floaters" on the walls of London, and advertisements daily, the dispersion of the property will not lack publicity. Nevertheless, we shall make our call, and report thereon. The auctioneer's catalogue has been reprinted, and doubtless re-read and corrected, else the printer merits the latter treatment. There are large paper copies—a happy thought!

Being on the Thames, or rather its banks, we may notice the addition of two rooms to the Hampton Court palace collection of pictures—much to the discomfiture of the guide-book publishers; especially as other pictures have been shifted, and the whole numbered. The latter is an improvement; but, unless the two additional rooms contain much that is superior to the increase made in 1840, it had better been left alone. The collection was already large enough; and it had the strange demerit of decreasing in character as you advanced through the suite of rooms from the grand staircase: you travelled further, and fared worse. Among the additions is some tapestry of rare worth; and here we may remark that Felix Sumner's *Hand-book* contains a key to the tapestry in "Wolsey's Hall," which Jesse omitted—though a new edition of his guide is announced.

A fresco furor has sprung up of late, in consequence of the proposal to decorate the walls of the New Houses of Parliament in this style of art. Mr. Haydon, Mr. Eastlake, and Mr. Latilla, and others, have lectured and written on the subject; together with a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who, dating from Italy, states that we have no reason to fear the common causes of destruction to frescoes in Rome—torchlight and damp: possibly not, but the site of the New Houses of Parliament is not the best security against the latter danger; their closeness to the river, being built almost on its bed, and the coal-smoky atmosphere of our metropolis, are, we suspect, destructive to delicate art: we hazard the fear, and shall be glad to find it ill-founded. The *Athenæum* correspondent, a confessed enthusiast, assures us that "the soil of London is well adapted to fresco;" but Westminster is proverbially damp: however, the matter is left to the Royal Commission.

The allotment of the London Art Union prizes took place in Drury Lane Theatre, on Tuesday morning last, and proved a very interesting scene to a large "audience." The house was lit as for an evening performance, and the drawing took place upon the stage, as upon the platform in Willis's room last year. The subscriptions amounted to nearly £10,000. Mr. Macready's loan of the theatre was a graceful act of courtesy to art.

The first great choral meeting of Mr. Hullah's Musical Classes upon Wilhelm's system, was held in Exeter Hall, on the 13th inst. There were present 1500 vocalists, male and female, who sang, without any instrumental

accompaniment, with great precision. In the course of the evening, says the *Times*,—"Mr. Hullah made his pupils go through ascending and descending scales in various times, representing the notes by manual signs. This is effected by making the four fingers and the thumb of one hand represent the five lines, and the openings between them the four spaces, whilst the finger of the other hand, moved from place to place, marks the notes to be sung. There were present H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and Lord Wharncliffe, who, as President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education, sanctioned the formation of these classes: the noble lord was carried to his seat in a sedan-chair."

Prince Albert, who is yearly becoming more and more identified with our literature and fine arts, has very kindly consented to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Literary Fund, on the 26th of next month. This event will, doubtless, insure an increased attendance, and consequent advantage to a corporation, which already numbers amongst its patrons the principal rank and talent of the country.

The King of Prussia has patronized the establishment of a Zoological Society at Berlin, under the presidency of Baron Humboldt; and his Majesty has not only presented to the Society all the animals which were kept in the island of Peacocks, near the capital, but has authorised his treasurer to advance a sum of money for the expenses of the establishment. (*Athenæum*, No. 754.) It is somewhat singular that a Zoological Society had not before been formed in Prussia; and it is not too much to assume the present movement to be one of the beneficial results of the recent visit of the King of Prussia to this country: so rarely do we set the example to the Continent in science that we cannot omit noticing this exception; in such matters, the English usually follow, not lead.

The Exhibition of the Society of British Artists appears to have drawn down the almost universal castigation of the critics, and when they do agree, their unanimity is surprising. That the collection is beneath mediocrity seems to be undoubted; but, as censure of art is generally more instructive than approbation, the public may, possibly, be gainers in this case.

Talking of Art, Mr. Wyatt's equestrian figure of the Duke of Wellington is nearly completed, but the question of its place remains *in statu quo*. The objection to setting it upon the platform of Mr. Burton's arch at Hyde Park Corner* is gaining ground in about the same proportion as the horse and his rider would be considered to lose ground, were he so placed: the people naively say, a horse should go under an arch, and not be set upon it, and the examples on the Continent of horses *over-arched* are faulty; upon the same principle, we suppose, the Dacian figures have no business in the attic of Constantine's arch at Rome; and so, probably, thought Mr. Nash, for he has omitted them in his marble copy at Buckingham Palace, of which old Cobbett could make "neither head nor tail." We are sensible of the architectural objection to the placing of anything upon an open arch, as may be seen in the wings of Somerset House; but this objection scarcely applies to the projected location of the Duke's statue; the site is, certainly, one of the finest in the metropolis, though, if it be determined on, some further

* From the roadway of the beautiful bridge, across the Serpentine in Kensington Gardens, Apsley House, *vis-a-vis* the Green Park Arch, and the pseudo-gothic towers of Westminster Abbey in the distance, make a striking architectural group.

difficulty may arise as to the direction in which the statue shall be placed: to turn the back upon Royalty will be as uncourtly, as it will be *mal-a-propos* not to face the personage commemorated; and if the figure be placed parallel with the façade of the arch, the effect from Piccadilly and Knightsbridge, otherwise very fine, will be lost. By the way, it was intended to place a triumphal group upon the platform of the Palace arch—a design, probably, frustrated by the enormous cost of the structure alone—£75,000.

The April sunshine has brought out a little shoal of new periodicals of the *serial* order; (for new literature we must have new epithets),—as the *Sea-pie*, the staple of which is nautical humour; *Hector O'Halloran*, by Maxwell, with Irish military life; and *Godfrey Malvern*, by Thomas Miller, of more pacific interest. Another work called the *Commissioner* is said to "want coherence," as we suspected, from the remainder of the title—*de Lunatico Inquirendo*. A *North of England Magazine* has reached its third or fourth number, and promises well. Mr. Ainsworth has raised the price of his *Magazine*, and let go Mr. Tupper's parachute paper on Flying; but his *Proverbial Philosophy*, a sort of dry and grave unintentional burlesque, remains, with very nearly the same cast of papers and authors as in the first number, notwithstanding the announced brilliant muster-roll. Upon the principle, we suppose, that "great contemporaries whet each other," Bentley's *Miscellany* has improved in its light artillery, and now rarely contains an unreadable paper; besides being most humorously illustrated. *Blackwood* prospers too; though the *World* of London is now out of town. We must not forget the *Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels*, just commenced; it is to be illustrated with upwards of 2,000 cuts and plates.

Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, whose "New Tale of a Tub" was so much relished about a year since, (and by some was held to beat the original hollow,) has commenced a series of *Comic Nursery Tales*, commencing with *Blue Beard*: this idea of burlesquing our Nursery archives is clever, and with the originator's free and facile humour, and quiet perception of the ridiculous, he will, doubtless, produce a very amusing set of *bagatelles* for grown children to laugh at, and the lovers of poetry to enjoy; since he uniformly takes rhyme for the rudder of his verse.

LAMBETH PALACE.

(Concluded from page 203.)

HAVING ascended this stair of perhaps twenty steps, we arrive at an extensive corridor, paved throughout with highly-polished stone, over which, in part, a rich Persian carpet is drawn. It is an extremely elegant thing that corridor, combining lightness with solidity in a very remarkable degree; and as it runs the entire length of the edifice, you pass from it into the different apartments which occupy this portion of the dwelling. With the exception of three small rooms, one of them very comfortably fitted up for the reception of persons who visit the archbishop on matters of business, these are all *en suite*, and consist of his grace's study, the private dining-room, Mrs. Howley's boudoir, the drawing-room, and the state dining-room, all of them proportioned in the most admirable manner, and all fitted up with a degree of taste which is indeed characteristic of their inhabitants. His grace's study is a commodious and pleasant room, the walls of which are set round with well-filled bookcases, while the windows look out upon the beautiful gardens that belong to the palace; to which, indeed, the archbishop can descend when he pleases, by a private staircase. The furniture is plain, but substantial. Library-chairs, covered with crimson morocco leather, invite you to sit down beside one or other of three library-tables. But as the apartment is manifestly devoted, not to purposes of repose, but to hard work, you will find no

article of its equipment of which you can say with truth that it woos you to indolence or slumber.

The smaller dining-room is a very comfortable and snug apartment, where, except on occasions of more than ordinary show, the archbishop is accustomed to entertain his guests. There is little about it which demands minute inspection. It is well-proportioned, well-furnished, and when the fitting hour comes round, is the daily scene of an elegant yet unostentatious hospitality, in the management of which the bearing of the Christian prelate blends admirably with that of the well-bred and kind-hearted gentleman.

Again, from the private dining-room you are conducted by a double door into the boudoir, of which the communication with the drawing-room is direct. Both apartments are furnished simply, yet with great elegance, and both in their proportions are admirably suited to the purposes which they are meant to serve. You feel also, while standing in either of them, that you are the guest of something more than a secular noble, or man of great wealth. The rich oriel windows which admit the light of day, the deep recesses in which they are placed, the carved ceilings, reminding you rather of an oratory than a lady's chamber, all these things effectually hinder you from forgetting that the archbishop of Canterbury is your host. As to the furniture, properly so called, it resembles, both in form and arrangement, that which you find in the drawing-rooms of people of distinction generally; there are rich carpets, sofas, ottomans, couches, and so forth, as well as silk hangings, so arranged as to obscure no feature in the construction of either apartment which is worth keeping in view; while drawings by able masters, and one or two paintings of value adorn the walls, and excite the interest of the stranger. One of these, by-the-by, deserves especial notice: it is an original Vandyke, a family group, in which Charles the First, and his queen and children, stand beautifully out upon the canvas, and it owes its resuscitation to the zeal and good taste of the present owner. The picture, we understand, was a present from Charles to archbishop Laud. When the archbishop came into trouble he concealed the treasure, lest it might fall into the hands of the republicans, and in its hiding-place, the old library, it lay, till on the pulling down of that crazy chamber it was discovered. We rather think that the merit of first detecting its excellence belongs to Mrs. Howley; but be this as it may, the painting was sent to a judicious cleaner, who, restoring it to what it was, gave back at the same time one of its richest gems to Lambeth palace.

Beyond the drawing-room, with the corridor between, lies the state dining-room, a noble hall, hung round with portraits—many of them wretched daubs, it must be confessed—of the different individuals who have filled the see of Canterbury since a date so ancient, that we cannot trust ourselves to state it. Unless we mistake, the great dining-room, which forms, with the drawing-room, an acute angle, is one of the few apartments belonging to the ancient palace, which the present archbishop has preserved. Its precise dimensions we cannot undertake to settle; but as on public days as many as 100 guests often dine there, our readers can easily judge that they are no way contracted. Neither will our limits permit us to devote more than a passing sentence to description, which, in such cases, is always imperfect, and in the present would grow tedious for lack of strong features on which to seize. When, therefore, we have stated that the roof is carved, that the walls are wainscoted, and the fire-place wide, and of very ancient construction, we shall request our readers to follow, while we pass by a door in the upper angle into a narrow passage, and so make our way towards the small but elegant chapel that lies beyond it.

The passage which we traverse is long, and is called, we believe, the picture gallery, because of the paintings, few of much intrinsic value, which cover one of the walls. It leads to an antique landing-place, whence a flight of wooden steps conducts to the ground floor, and the rude arches and pillars, on which this side of the palace is sustained. Every thing here is as plain, we had almost said as rude, as white plaster and boarded floors can make it. There are two or three old oak chests too, planted here and there in the sort of crypt into which the descent of these steps has carried us, that are not

without their effect in giving interest to the strange scene. But all that is forgotten as soon as, on the opening of an arched oak door, you find yourself in the interior of the chapel.

The chapel of Lambeth Palace is one of the most beautiful things which appertain to that beautiful mansion. It is very small, being adapted for the accommodation of the archiepiscopal household, and no more; but there is not a line or feature about it, which does not impress you with a solemn yet pleasing conviction, that you are for once in a house of prayer. Pulpit there is none, but a reading desk, and an altar in its proper place; the latter covered with crimson velvet, and surmounted by massive gilt candlesticks. The little chapel is pewed, an arrangement which somewhat surprised us; yet let us do the architect justice—the pews are not, like those in our parish churches, cribs that disfigure the building, while they incommode the worshippers, but benches, with book-boards in front of them, open at both ends, as are the seats in our college chapels, and running, like them also, along the north and south walls, so as to leave the centre of the edifice clear. The archbishop has, to be sure, his throne or peculiar seat, at the west end, facing the altar; and there is an old-fashioned gallery over it, where, on the occurrence of a consecration, the ladies of the house may accommodate themselves and their friends. But these arrangements in no degree interrupt the solemnity which hangs over the place, and of which, so soon as you have crossed the threshold, you become conscious. Let us not forget to mention that the small lancet windows are numerous, and that being filled with painted glass, they throw in upon the scene just the sort of light which is best adapted to it.

From the chapel we may either retire by a door which opens beneath the gallery, or withdrawing as we came, re-ascend the wooden stairs, and pass from them by a low door into the gallery itself. This mode of proceeding gives us a bird's-eye view of the little temple. Neither shall we regret, when traversing the gallery itself, we are conducted to the top of another flight of steps, which conduct downwards into the magnificent library. Of that apartment we have already spoken as having been wasted up to a recent date, and we have now to add that the flight of steps, on the top of which we stand, is the same by which former archbishops were accustomed to find ingress to the family parts of the edifice. What a fine thing the old guard-room has become! There, arranged on shelves, which, like those of the Bodleian, protrude from the walls on each side, stands as valuable a collection of works on certain subjects as is to be met with in the world; and there, day after day, making ample use of the stores of knowledge which they contain, may be seen his grace's head librarian, and Mr. Townsend's merciless persecutor, the Rev. Mr. Maitland. Excellent Mr. Townsend had far better stuck to his romances about the Waldenses, and left Foxe's *Martyrology* alone. He is no match for his well-read antagonist; and in his defence of the old Puritan acts but a sorry figure when opposed to him. There are various curiosities in this library, which we cannot pause to particularise, but to which the visitor will find, in Mr. Maitland, both an intelligent and a willing guide; and possibly, the service-books which were used at the coronations of different sovereigns, all of which are laid up here never to be used again, may not among these prove to the young, at least, the least interesting.

There remains for us now to visit only the two eastern towers, which, as they are given up to the accommodation of his grace's chaplains and higher domestics, need not detain us long. The apartments which they contain are all very comfortable, somewhat cell-like without doubt, but to students and persons of a contemplative turn of mind, every way appropriate. Moreover, as there is a means of ingress from them to the gardens below, we shall not do amiss if we take advantage of it. What a fine scene opens upon us! Laid out in terraces, and sloping walks, and wooded hills, is a space of perhaps twelve, or it may be sixteen acres, the labyrinths of which are so arranged, that it is with difficulty you can bring yourself to believe that their limits are not four times as capacious. And then the palace, how perfect it is when looked at from this point of view! There the whole garden-line of the

new building meets you, and we are free to confess, that neither in England nor elsewhere have we witnessed so perfect a triumph of modern taste in its amalgamation with the massiveness of antiquity.

The expense of repairing the archiepiscopal palace amounted to, as we have said, £75,000. Of this the archbishop raised, we believe, about £40,000 on the revenues of the see; but the remaining £35,000 he has paid out of his own resources—a most magnificent act, for which his modesty alone has hindered him from having long ago obtained credit.

CARE OF THE CIRCASSIANS FOR THEIR DEAD.

THERE is no trait in the Circassian character more deserving of admiration than their tenderness to the dead—the poor relics of mortality, that are unconscious of it. If one of their countrymen fall in battle, numbers rush to the spot, that they may carry off the body, and the heroic struggle that ensues, as common an incident in Circassian battles as in other times on the plains of Troy, involves frequently the most disastrous consequences. The Russians have endeavoured to turn this feeling to account; and their soldiers have been ordered to mutilate the corpses of the enemy, that it may be still further available. But it may be questioned if such measures be more consistent with sound policy than with humanity itself, or if the momentary advantages to be derived from them, can at all compensate for the feelings of execration kindled against the authors of them throughout the Caucasus. A litter, with a corpse on it, happening to pass where the council was seated, they rose, and the chief beckoned to the bearers to set it down. The winding-sheet, as it was gradually unrolled, displayed the handsome and beardless face, the slight and graceful limbs, of a youth of sixteen; and on being further unswathed, the lower part of his body was seen frightfully lacerated with grape-shot. It seemed he was not quite dead, for his eyelids were slightly quivering, though his closed lips and placid countenance showed him to be insensible to pain. The single lock of hair, long, black, and glossy, flowing from his Mussulman scalp, was another proof of his youthfulness, and a melancholy ornament to the bier, on which his gallantry had prematurely extended him. The most rugged of the veterans now collected around it, were touched with commiseration. "It is all over with him," said the chief; "take him to the maidens of his district, poor lad, that he may be decently buried. I answer there will be waiting enough over him."

—*Longworth's Year in Circassia.*

Varieties.

Colonial Wool.—The number of sheep in the Australian colonies at present, may amount to four millions or upwards. Under good management, they will double themselves in three years. Taking the present stock of sheep, then, in the Australian colonies to be four millions; and supposing that they will increase at that rate, in the year 1861 they will amount to 128,000,000. Already the Australian colonies, of which New South Wales is the principal, supply Great Britain with about 10,000,000 lbs. of wool annually, a greater quantity than is imported from any other country in the world, except Germany. A continuance of a few years in the present course of prosperity will raise the quantity produced and exported of this important article of commerce to such an extent, that it will exceed the whole supplied by foreign countries, including Germany.—*From a Pamphlet entitled, "Resources of Australia."*

Lives of the Princes of Wales is announced as "nearly ready," which, probably, means that the publisher has just agreed with the author. But the interest has been anticipated in the newspapers.

Sympathy.—The Orientals have a saying—"Would you have had him die in his bed like a woman?" in reply to any commiserating remarks made by the Franks upon the violent end of their friends.

Elegant Hospitality.—At Tenedos, Capt. Frankland, on visiting the Vice-Consul, "a bare-legged and ordinary-looking Greek," was received by a most lovely little Greek girl, her hair hanging in long plaits down her back, her head and neck ornamented with a profusion of gold coins, her feet in a kind of embroidered cloth sock and yellow leather slippers. She soon disappeared, but returned to offer the traveller coffee, a sweetmeat, and *flowers*, according to the custom of the country.

A Clincher.—Every one remembers the marvellous story of Sir James Thornhill stepping back to see the effect of his painting in Greenwich Hospital, and being prevented falling from the ceiling to the floor by a person defacing his work, and causing the painter to rush forward, and thus save himself. *This may have occurred*; but we rather suspect the anecdote to be of legendary origin, and to come from no less distance than the Tyrol; in short, to be a paraphrase of a Catholic miracle, unless the Tyrolese are quizzing the English story, which is not very probable. At Inspruck, you are gravely told that when Daniel Asam was painting the inside of the cupola of one of the churches, and he had just finished the hand of St. James, he stepped back on the scaffold, to ascertain the effect: there was no friend at hand gifted with the presence of mind, which, by defacing the work, saved the artist, as in Sir James Thornhill's case, and therefore, Daniel Asam *fell backward*; but, to the astonishment of the awe-struck beholders, who were looking up from beneath, the hand and arm of the Saint, which the artist had just finished, was seen to *extend itself* from the fresco, and grasping the fortunate Asam by the arm, accompany him in his descent of 200 feet, and bear him up *so gently*, that he reached the ground without the slightest shock! What became of the "awe-struck beholders," and why the saint and painter did not fall on their heads, or why they did not serve as an *easel* in bringing the pair miraculously to the ground, we are not told.

Funeral at Smyrna.—"I witnessed," says Mr. Frank Hall Standish, "the melancholy procession of a Greek girl to her last abode; the face open to the day, and the coffin strewn with flowers. The more we contemplate death, the lower do our views, which worldly men call great, sink in our estimation. Why do we strive and toil to obtain the fragile possession of earthly baubles? Often, after a few hours of hasty suffering, we are snatched away in the midst of our enjoyments, and they are gone, like the lightning of an instant."

Turkey Carpets.—All the efforts of European art and capital have failed in closely imitating these costly carpets. They are woven by the women among the wandering tribes in the upper districts of Asiatic Turkey; but the finest are made in the mountain districts of Persia. Notwithstanding all that the looms of Europe have accomplished in design, (not forgetting our own velvet-like Wilton,) the old Turkey carpet retains its place in the dining-room and library of our well-appointed houses. It is, doubtless, one of the most luxurious articles of furniture to be found in an English mansion.

The English are a great moral and political people, but, in general, they are not a sociable people. Consecrated in the sweet and sacred privacy of the family fireside, when they do go out from it, it is not pleasure. It is not the need of communicating their souls, or of diffusing their sympathies; it is custom, it is vanity, that leads them forth. Vanity is the soul of all English society. It is this which constructs that form of society, so cold, measured, and full of etiquette; it is this which has created those classifications of ranks, titles, dignities, riches, by which alone men are there distinguished; and which have made a complete abstraction from the man, to consider only the name, the dress, the social form. These are the opinions of a Frenchman—Lamartine: they are, indeed, the climax of conceit, and a ripe specimen of that vanity in the writer, which he affects to have detected in the English character.

Great Men.—Almost all great men, who have performed or who are destined to perform, great things, are sparing of words. Their communing is with themselves rather than with others. They feed upon their own thoughts, and in these inward musings, brace those intellectual and active energies, the development of which constitutes the great character. Napoleon became a babbler only when his fate was accomplished, and his fortune on the decline.—*Lamartine.*

The Bazaars of Constantinople have, probably, never been better described than by Lamartine. He says, "the great bazaars for different articles of merchandise, and especially that of spices, are long wide-arched galleries, lined with foot-pavements, and shops full of all sorts of commodities. Armouries, horse-trappings, jewellery, eatables, leather manufactures, Indian and Persian shawls, fabrics of Europe, carpets of Damascus and Caramania, essences and perfumes of Constantinople; hookahs and pipes of all forms, and different degrees of splendour; amber and coral, carved after the fashion of the Orientals, to smoke through; packages of cut tobacco, folded like reams of yellow paper; stalls of pastry, inviting the appetite by its form and variety; handsome confectioners' shops, with a prodigious variety of sugar-plums, preserved fruits, and sweetmeats of all sorts; magazines of drugs, whence a perfume exhales, which scents the whole bazaar; Arab mantles, woven with gold and goat-hair; women's veils, spangled with gold and silver. In the midst of all this, an immense and incessantly renewed throng of Turks, with pipes at the mouth or in the hand, followed by slaves, of women enveloped in veils, accompanied by negresses carrying lovely children, of pachas on horseback, moving with a slow pace through this crowded and silent concourse, and of Turkish carriages closed with gilded trellis-work, conducted by coachmen on foot with long white beards, and full of women, who stop from time to time to bargain at the doors of the jewellers' shops. Such is the picture of the whole of these bazaars, which would be several miles in length, if they were united in a single arcade. As people are squeezed and elbowed against each other in these bazaars, and as the Jews hang out and sell the clothes of plague-patients in them, they are the most active instruments of contagion.—Chambers's Translation of "*Voyage en Orient.*"

The Ideal.—Nothing ought to be seen in broad day by the light of the present: in this sad world of ours there is nothing completely beautiful but what is ideal; illusion in all things is an element of the beautiful, except in virtue and in love.—*Lamartine.*

Asiatic Women.—How sweet it is for a European, accustomed to the hard features, the studied and contracted expression of the women of Europe, especially of *drawing-room women*, to behold countenances as simple, pure, and smooth, as the marble broken from the quarry; countenances which have but one expression, the repose of tenderness, and which the eye can scan as quickly, and as easily, as the large type of some magnificent publication.—*Ibid.*

Travelling is summing up a long life in a few years; it is one of the strongest exercises a man can give his heart and his mind. The philosopher, the politician, the poet, should all have travelled much. Changing the moral horizon is to change thought.—*Ibid.*

Translation is a ticklish labour. In one of Lamartine's *Travels in the East*, we find this oddity: "my wife and Julia have painted the walls in fresco, have piled on a cedar table their books, and all those little *objects of women*, which, in London and Paris, adorn tables of marble and mahogany." How completely the sense has here been changed by the translator, whose blunder may be taken for sarcasm on the soft sex! Of course, drawing-room nic-nacs are referred to by Lamartine.

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